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To Dad

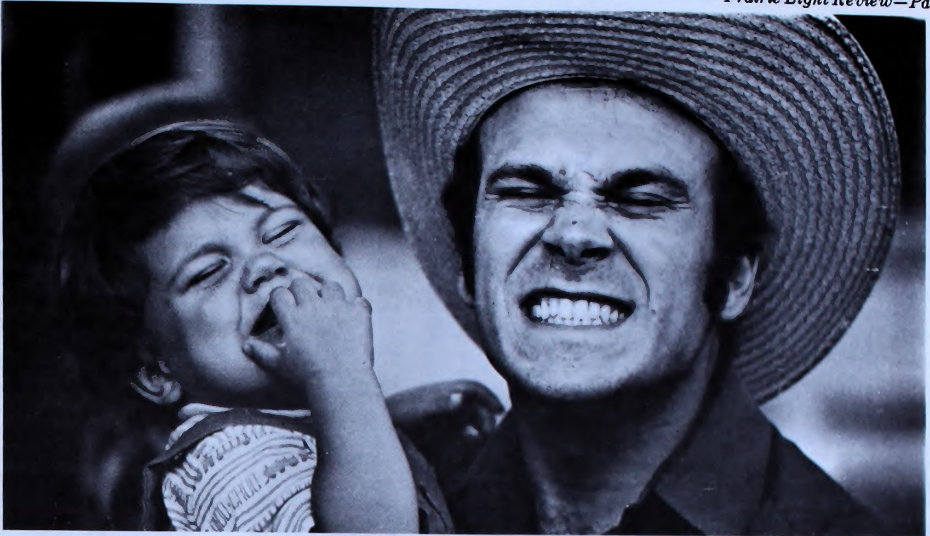
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Heart and Soul

Share with me —
A bit of my soul
It is that which sets us free.

To quest and know
The absolute
And pierce reality.

The heart is different —
Giving life
And that, you cannot have.

No invitations
Are being sent
To apply the healing salve.

Limits are set —
And airtight wounds
Make it hard to give.

Pieces of pain —
Fall on the floor
And I need my heart to live.

But, ah the soul —
Soothing and sweet
To quench whatever ails.

It is yours to trust —
Mine to trade
And remove the stake that impales.

Oozing elixir!
Bonding beings —
We are free to care.

Wondrous soul —
I thank you now
Just for being there.

To Dad

Robert J. Briskey

A kite to a boy
Reaches dreams of joy
A kite to a man
Brings memories the years to span

To soar on high
to see Beauty
To feel each sky
To care and love is the reason why.

Beatrice N. Maher

Her Sweet Voice Always Travels To My Ear

Her sweet voice always travels to my ear.
There is no other eloquence like it.
Her words are wisdom sensible and clear.
My heart and mind are touched and benefit
From such experience that's only known
By her. I have had time unwisely spent
To claim those things that I may never own.
Now how will I repay the love she's lent?

Perhaps my youth is wasted without joy
On senseless passions I cannot defend.
Perhaps my meager wit can but annoy
And loosen feelings deep that may offend.

I know and still no stronger sorrow take
Than when I try too hard for my friend's sake.

Francis Patrick Murphy

